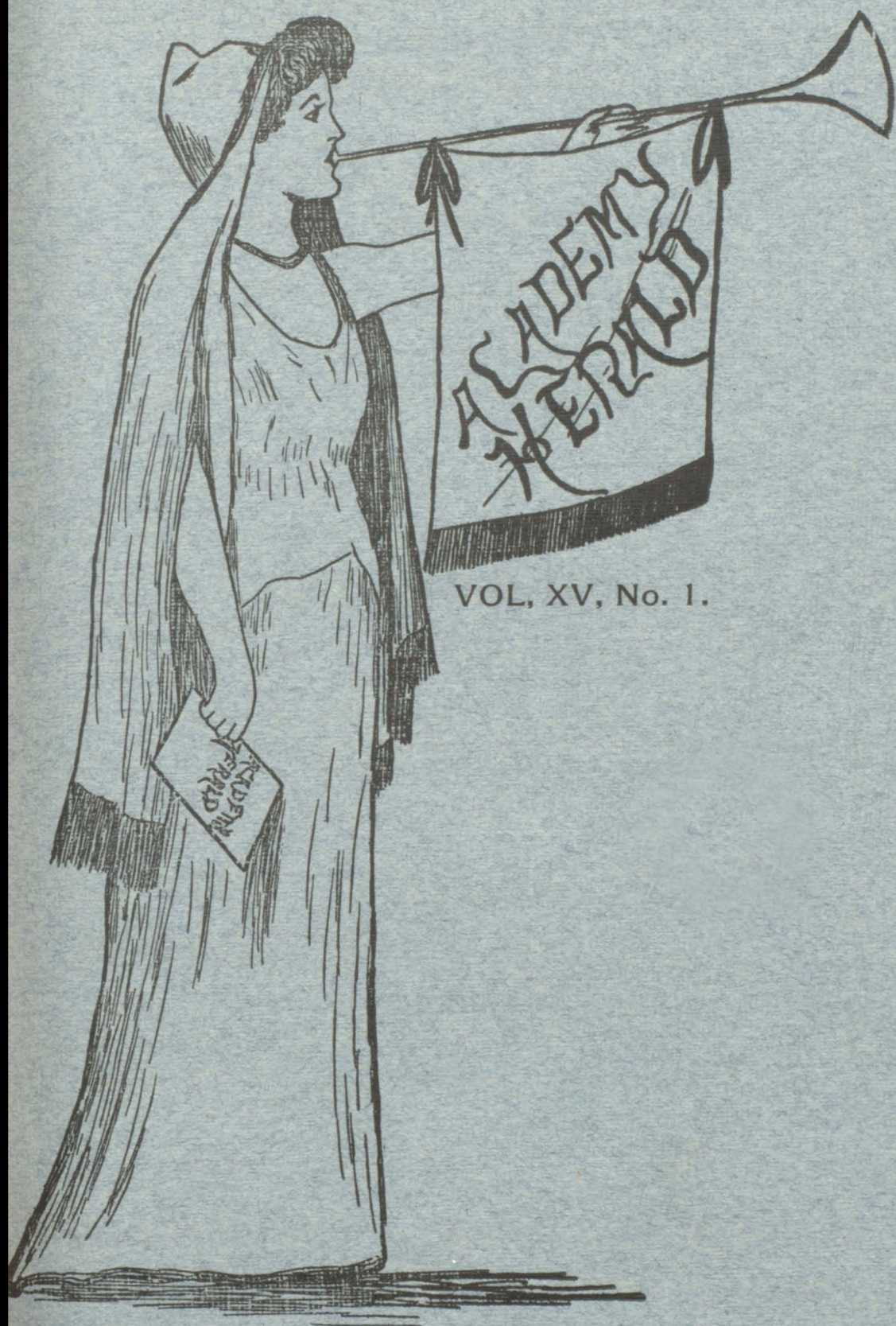




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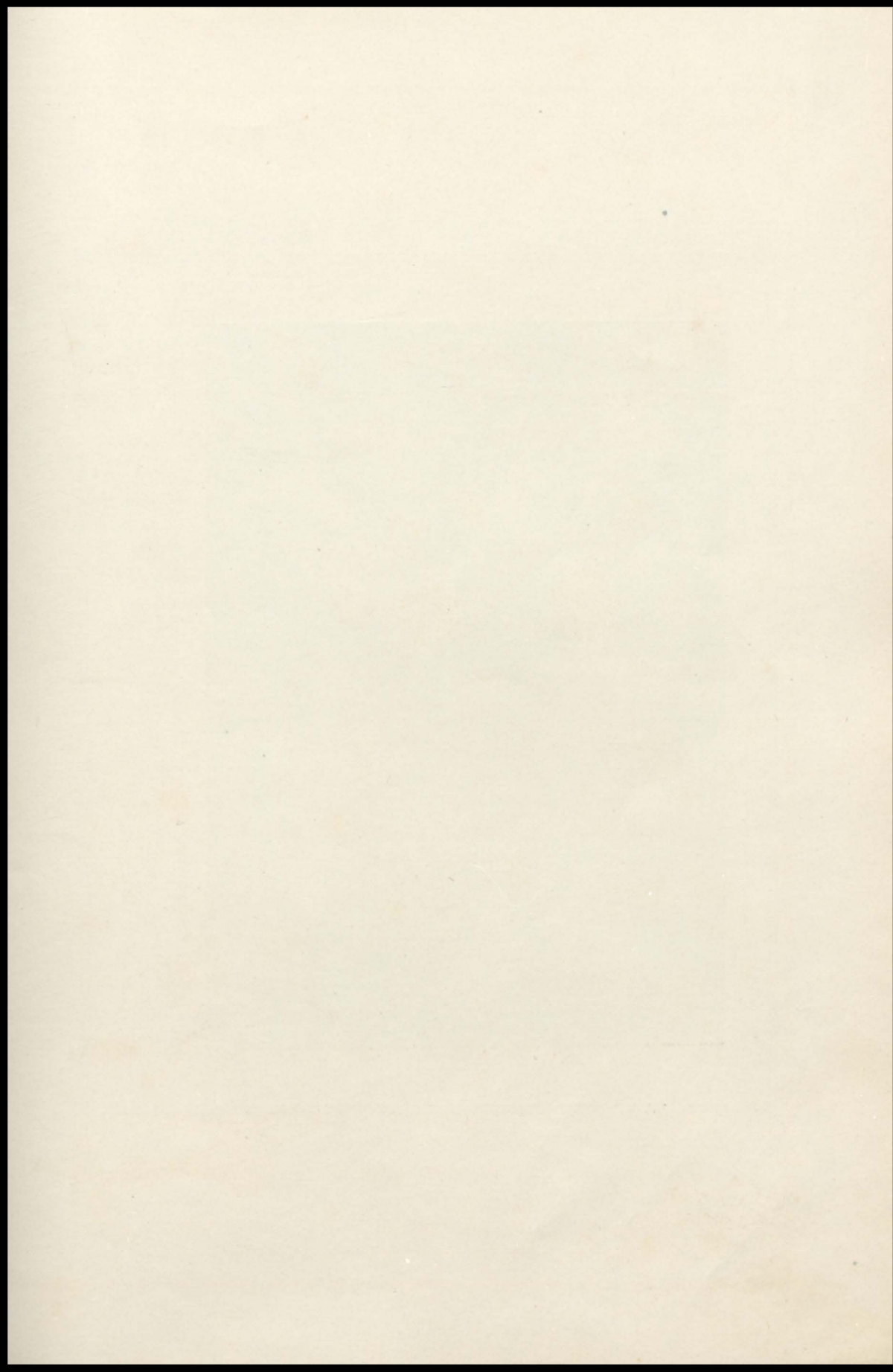
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The Academy Herald

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Bethel, Me., November, 1910.

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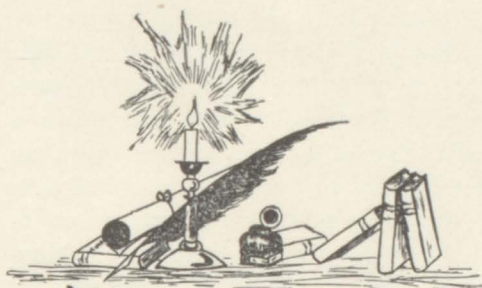
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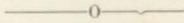
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EDITORIAL.

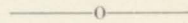
Do we get the most and best out of our four years of academy life? is a question that must come to us all sooner or later. When we stop to think of the opportunities offered us, opportunities unknown to the student of a few decades ago, it is our own fault, if we do not make these springtime years rich in the promise of a fruitful harvest. By opportunities we mean not only the chance to acquire a knowledge of books, but would include as well the social advantages and the opportunity to improve and develop our physical powers. Yet we should not so devote ourselves to the social or athletic side of our education as to neglect our books. Here in the Academy is laid the foundation of our lives as successful men and women, and should we not, by making the most of all our opportunities, lay a foundation that will enable us to improve our advan-

tages in later life? By improving our social opportunities, we acquire an ease of manner much to be desired, and overcome that timid or reserved feeling which so many young people experience, when meeting strangers. By taking part in athletic sports, we develop our physical powers, cultivate self control, and acquire self confidence. And, lastly, by acquiring a knowledge of books, we are given an opportunity to partake of the wisdom of all the ages. All of which go to make up that much desired combination, "A sound mind in a sound body."



While coming to school one morning, recently, this remark, from some unseen person's lips, floated out on the crisp autumn air. "Who said, 'There is no royal road to learning?'" "Can't tell," came the reply, "Some old sage, no doubt." Immediately I became possessed of the desire to know who did give to the world that quaint saying. In vain I searched the inmost recesses of my mind. All day that sentence danced before my eyes, and while looking over an old scrap book that evening, I found what I sought. More than two thousand years ago, Euclid, the Father of Mathematics, was a teacher in the famous schools at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the King of Egypt, Ptolemy Soter, if he could not teach him mathematics in a shorter way, Euclid, much to the King's discomfiture, made this reply, "Sire, there is no royal road to learning." The wise old mathematician could have given to the world no more truthful axiom, and it

has, surely, lost none of its forcefulness with the lapse of centuries. The student of today, the same as two thousand years ago, must put forth his best efforts, not one day, but every day, if he would acquire the education to which there is no royal road. Let us, then, rally round the standard of our school, and pledge ourselves anew to more earnest efforts and more faithful application. And above all, let us strive in word and deed to keep our school records free from the stain of dishonor or disloyalty.



There are a great many good people, and there are a great many famous people; but people are not always both good and famous, and even when that union is completed, the person has not always the added charm of loveableness. An example of the combination of all three has been before us this past summer in the person of Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago. Everybody who ever knew Miss Addams must have loved her, for one cannot help loving her goodness and sweetness, even while admiring her wonderful achievements among the poor of Chicago. And so, while very few people can have Miss Addams' executive ability, this woman of world-wide fame is a lesson to everyone in thoughtfulness of others, and forgetfulness of self. In her autobiography, which is to be published this month, and which is entitled "Twenty Years at Hull House," Miss Addams has given a most interesting story of her life and work. This book is one which may well be

read by every scholar of Gould's Academy.

—o—

Is good, hard diligent study worth while? How often during our school days we ask ourselves this question, and how often we are tempted to answer in the negative. Yet we know that it is worth while to study, to put our whole heart into our work, and to do our very best, even though we often meet with failure and defeat. We shall find trials and discouragements all through life, which, when compared with the tasks of school, will make the latter seem small and trivial. It may be difficult to study and remain in doors, when Nature is dressed in holiday attire, and seems to call us to witness her splendors, but we should remember that we can attend school and be young but once, while Nature will be young for us all our lives.

“Then let us

Do the work before us,
Cheerily, bravely, while we may,
E'er the long night silence cometh,
And with us is not the day.”

—o—

“One of the best lessons ever taught to the country through the medium of a public institution was in the dismissal of a cadet from the United States Military Academy at West Point for falsehood. The infraction of the rule with which the cadet was charged would have been punished by some comparatively light sentence, but when the cadet told a lie in denial of his guilt, there was but one

punishment for the crime—to go forth from the academy disgraced. There is no room in any respectable institution for a confirmed liar. He is useless not only there, but in subsequent service. His education is a waste of time and of money, and it is said that among the cadets themselves the hatred of the liar is so strong, that the punishment meted out by the authorities, when the liar is discovered, is much less severe and is less felt by the offender than that inflicted by the cadets themselves. Occasionally the liar appears in places of authority. We have known instances, where men who could not tell the truth have been placed over large bodies of young men. The shame and degradation of such a man could he know in what light he is held by the sturdy, upright and honest youngsters, is pitiable indeed. If there is any one lesson that should be taught in the home and in the school from childhood up, it is that confession of guilt, the telling of absolute truth on all subjects, even where it brings punishment, is not only an amelioration of penance, but of itself it is to be praised. The father who teaches his child that his forgiveness for all offenses lies quickly at hand, when once the truth is told, has gone a long way toward accomplishment early in life of the habit of truth, which later may be founded more firmly upon the eternal verities of Christian duty and obedience to the word of God. Fear of punishment makes the liar. Exalt truth above the petty offense. The honest boy or girl is all right.”

“Whether or not it is, as some candid foreign critics assert, a characteristic American failing, there can be no doubt that swearing is offensively common. One cannot avoid listening to profanity on the streets, on the trains, wherever men are gathered—even in the conversation of those who ought to know better, and who certainly do know better. The fault is serious from at least two points of view. It consists in taking in vain names which are sacred to every right-minded person, if not to the swearer himself; and it is an unfailing sign of vulgarity, of ill breeding, of a want of reverence and a lack of consideration for the most deeply felt convictions of others. Fortunately every one is not callous to the gravity of the offense. When thousands of men and boys, all pledged to refrain from the use of profanity, march through the streets in public testimony, as they did in Pittsburg a few weeks ago, there is ground for hope that the situation is not beyond improvement. The Holy Name societies of the Roman Catholic Church are most useful agencies in encouraging greater reverence for the most sacred words in our common speech. It is not to be supposed that respect for the names of God and Christ is less among Protestants; but they still have something to learn in the direction of effective organization. After all, however, the home is the best place to teach lessons of right conduct. If parents were always careful to teach reverence and good taste in speech, both by precept and example the evil of profanity would surely diminish.”

“When Garfield was at Williams College he noticed that his class rival sat up late at night; for himself, he determined to keep his light burning a little longer and work a little harder; then through his persistence he began to get ahead. In college the students who are working for class honors, for leadership, always keep their eyes upon the “dangerous” man. This is not the student that makes a brilliant show at recitation, nor the best talker, nor the most popular man socially. It is not the fellow who makes a brilliant speech in college debates or who takes a prize in oratory. It is the “plugger,” the fellow who keeps everlastingly at it, grinding away when the others are asleep or at play. It is not the man who makes the ten-talent impression, but the fellow who does not show any special ability except the gift of hanging on; of continuous persistency. It is the fellow who does a little better this term than he did last, who is always trying to better his best. It is the man who has the staying power which enables him to come up on the last heat. The star graduate is often the last man of his class who would have been selected for class honors during his freshman year. I have in mind a young man who was regarded as such a genius and who was so very much more brilliant than any one else in his class during his freshman year that if a prediction vote had been taken as to what man would be likely to lead his class he would probably have been a unanimous choice, but, as a matter of fact, he did not take a single class honor. He was like a meteor flashed up in

the clouds, eclipsing for a time all other stars, but he lacked the gift of continuity. He thought he was so far ahead of his class that he did not need to study much; that he could get off and have a good time whenever he felt like it; could stay away from lectures and recitations a great deal of the time, and still pass brilliant examinations. He very soon found, however, that the tortoises in his class were gaining on the hare. The result was that many of the men whom he looked down upon with disdain as freshmen were way ahead of him on graduation; in fact, he came very near losing his diploma. It is the man who has the staying power, the pluck, persistency and grit which never lets go, which keeps eternally at it, who wins in the end. As a rule, meteoric men have very brief and disappointing careers. Do not be discouraged because there are other men around you so much more brilliant than yourself. Brilliance has not accomplished half as much in the world as mediocre ability with staying power, persistency, stick-to-it-iveness."

—o—

The death of Julia Ward Howe removes from public gaze one of the most notable personages of the present time. She was born on May 27, 1819, in New York city and most of her early life was spent there. In 1843 she married Samuel Gridley Howe, who was about twenty years her senior. Mrs. Howe was about thirty-five years old when she published her first volume of poems, under the title of

"Passion Flowers." She then wrote "Words for the Hour," and a poetical drama, "The World's Own;" but it was the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" that made her name immortal. Mrs. Howe was one of the organizers of the New England Women's Club, also of the American Suffrage Association, and was president of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs for many years. It is said that she stood in American life where Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale did in English life. She held out a helping hand to all causes tending to alleviate wrongs and suffering. She was called "America's Grand Old Woman," and Docter Eliot at her funeral said; "She enriched our literature, she fired patriotism, she up-built our ideals alike of domestic fidelity and happiness and of public spirited service. She was interested in everything in nature, in events, in persons, in causes and in truth."

THE GOULD'S SPIRIT.

There probably has never been published a "Herald" without something in its pages relating to loyalty, with a plea for this most necessary spirit, and yet, if it is an old subject, it is one that can not wear out.

Some one has said, that "loyalty to something is the most uplifting influence in the human heart," and history and every day life prove it. At all times the loyalty of subjects to their monarch has made great nations in time of peace, and, as soldiers, their loyalty to their leaders has made them conquerors in time of war. Without

the loyalty of their disciples, great national, social, political, and religious causes could never stand.

What one is loyal to, he can not see fall. Whether it be his family, his friends, his school, his work, his native land, his religion, his pet theories, or himself, he will stand by till the end, and nothing will move him to desertion, if he is truly loyal.

There is, perhaps, no time or place where the spirit of future loyalty of the man or woman is so developed and tested as during youth and school days.

There is so much to be loyal to in school, that it takes the name of "school spirit."

It is this "school spirit" that makes young men and women proud of their school, their classmates, their athletic teams and all the school's enterprises. It makes each one, if he has the spirit, try to do his best, to be a credit to his place in the school. It keeps him honest to himself and others, makes him cheerful and ready to lend aid or support to whatever he may be called upon to assist.

Our school is no less deserving of this spirit of loyalty, than any other school, and yet do we have the "Gould's Spirit" as we ought to have it. As she deserves it?

Do we, as students, fill the places we are supposed to fill, or are we flying false colors? Do we claim the right to be numbered among Gould's pupils, and yet, when she calls upon us, are found wanting? If so we have not loyalty, and, not only Gould's, but we, ourselves, are losers, for we are not what we pose to be.

Then let us each one hold a self-examination to see if we have lost or failed to acquire that precious "Gould's Spirit." If we have, then we must resurrect or cultivate it at once. Let us be eager to keep up the scholarship of the school, by our own work in class; the reputation of Gould's, by

our best conduct at all times; her success in every undertaking, by our generous giving, our faithful attendance, and our good words for her, spoken on every occasion.

When each one of us does this, then will Gould's scholarship lead; her reputation bring new, and the best of pupils to her doors; her enterprises be ever successful; her athletic teams unconquered, and her name fairest of all our preparatory schools.

Then, too, will her alumni and alumnae be men and women of strength, and example, for the loyalty they gave Gould's has been reflected back to them, and they are truer and nobler for the sacrifices they made, and the loyalty they developed in serving her.

WHAT WE CAN.

CLASS ORATION.

"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do." This saying of the great teacher, Emerson shall furnish my text.

The prosperity of a country, and this is especially true of a republic, lies very largely in the hands of the ordinary citizen. It is not necessary for a man to be a genius, or even to have a college education to become a good citizen and to be a benefit to the country. If each man or woman did his or her particular work as well as it could be done, our civilization would be ideal. President Roosevelt has lately said, "Woe to the country which puts its trust in a genius, military or other type, rather than in the high courage and character of the ordinary citizen."

Once the Jewish people wished to rebuild a city wall, which, in a long captivity, had been laid low. Each man

agreed to build the wall in front of his own house, and the city was soon encompassed.

Sparta had no walls. When Leonidas was asked, "Where are the walls of Sparta?" he replied, pointing to his army, "There are the walls of Sparta. Every man is a brick." These two tales from ancient history illustrate the truth that every man is a part of the whole and has his work to do, and his place to fill.

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will." Each one should discover the work he was born to do, the thing for which he has especial aptitude, and then give all his energy to doing that work perfectly. One reason for many failures is that people try to reach out beyond their capabilities, instead of being content to do the thing they could. They are unsuccessful and disappointed, when they might have done creditably some common work within their power. While everyone may not hope to be a great scholar, there is always opportunity for useful work. There is need of skilled hand work. In these days of the revival of the arts and crafts, manual labor is each year attaining new dignity and interest.

It was formerly thought that a college man must enter one of the learned professions or his college training would be of no value to himself or to the world, but now a large per cent. of college men and women choose business professions, or engage in some department of farming, engineering, or textile work. The study of forestry, science, the various schools of arts and crafts are opening constantly new fields of opportunity for the young man or woman.

"Where a man's spirit leads him, there will his feet walk willingly and his hands toil gladly." He will need

neither urging nor watching; no one will demand so much of him as he will demand of himself; no one will be half so critical of his manners and methods as he himself. One of the secrets of success is getting one's spirit into one's work, not doing it as most work is done, in a perfunctory manner, simply to get through with it and to secure the returns which it promises. It is always the man who puts his spirit into his work, who makes his work tell for his own success and advancement. It does not depend so much upon the work a man does as the spirit in which he does it, and a man shows the stuff in him by the way he does his work. Ruskin says, "There is no work so slight or so mean but that it may be done to a great purpose, ennobled therefor."

There is a story of a French nobleman, who asked his servant to wake him every morning, saying, "Rise Monsieur le Comte, You have great things to do to-day." His name is forgotten, but perhaps his work is still going on. Facing the day with that spirit he must have done his work well. The person who begins each day's work with the enthusiasm and high purpose which the French nobleman had is sure to make it a better and happier day for every one with whom he comes in contact.

A woman living in a miserable little village planted a flower garden in front of her house. Her neighbors used to crowd around the garden to admire it, and at last she persuaded them to plant gardens, too. She gave them seeds, she helped them dig and weed, she kept the work up until they all were able to achieve success and soon the low spirited women in other villages became wise in seeds and bulbs and the little yards about their homes became things of beauty. The humble woman is dead and forgotten, but her work will be a help to many generations.

To find one's work and do it well is success. As students we should study carefully our opportunities, try to discover our abilities, to find what thing we can do best, and then find the chance to do it. We should fit ourselves to be honorable, useful citizens, living clean, God-fearing, hard working lives, to become an honorable part of the body politic. No honest work was ever done in vain. God sent us into his world, as he has sent every other human being, to do some useful work, to help the men and women in it, to make them better and happier.

"Let us be content in work to do the thing we can," and do it in a spirit which will make us able to say each morning as the French boy did, "You have great things to do to-day."

SYLVANUS H. BROWN, 1910.

PRESENTATION CLASS GIFTS.

Members of the Board of Trustees, Schoolmates, Teachers and Friends:

It becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of my classmates, to present to our schoolmates, and to those who shall come after them, our parting gift.

We have chosen a picture by Alma Tadema. We are not critics, and cannot talk learnedly of its careful composition and harmony; but we can feel the beauty of the artist's expression of his thought.

We have been taught that the Greek's "depicted the excellence of an harmonious life—a harmony between mind and body, life and nature, religion and conduct, the Individual and the State," and that their culture, expressed in their art and literature, has been a perennial source of inspiration to writers and artist. And Alma Tadema has given us his conception of their harmonies and beautiful life.

The artist has named his picture, "A

Reading from Homer." We feel the grace of the figures, their joy in the mere living. They have been dancing and singing, and while they rest, Phæon is reading to Sappho, violet weaving, pure, sweet, smiling Sappho, and her companions from the tales of their wonderful blind story-teller. Which one of the delightful stories is he reading? Is it about fair-haired Nausicaa and her white-armed maidens, washing the clothing of the house of Alcinous, eating the dainties prepared by the loving mother, and playing ball in the bright sunshine? Or of Penelope, unravelling by night the work of the day that she might remain true to Odysseus, and hoping against hope for his return? Or is he reciting the death of the glorious Hector, and the lament of Andromache, and the burial rite, when - - - - -

"they brought

The corse of valiant Hector from the town
With many tears, and laid it on the wood
High up, and flung the fire to light the pile.
Now when the early rosy-fingered Dawn
Looked forth, the people gathered round the
pile

Of glorious Hector. When they all had come
Together, first they quenched the funeral
fires,

Wherever they had spread, with darkened
wine,

And then his brothers and companions
searched

For the white bones. In sorrow and in tears
That streaming stained their cheeks, they
gathered them,

And placed them in a golden urn. O'er this
They drew a covering of soft purple robes,
And laid it in a hollow grave, and piled
Fragments of rock above it, many and huge.
In haste they reared the tomb, with sentries
set

On every side, lest all too soon the Greeks
Should come in armor to renew the War."

Such was the mighty Hector's burial
rite, we may not know what tale the

Greeks heard on that far away afternoon. We may hear to-day, one grave or gay, lively or severe, as is our mood.

To you, our schoolmates, this gift is for a remembrance. You will look at it, and sometimes think of the class of 1910, who gave it, To us, it shall be an earnest of other gifts, which we purpose to make to our beloved school, as time goes on,—gifts that the loving son and daughter bring; material gifts, as we may be prospered; gifts of loyalty, of affection, of devotion. For we are conscious that we owe a debt to those who came before us; to those sons and daughters of Gould's Academy, who, in the past, stretched out generous hands, that we might have the privileges that we have here enjoyed. Some of those hands have long since been folded for the last time, but their blessed memory is with us, and it is our part to see that this debt is not forgotten; and that we are true to the obligations placed upon us by the opportunities which we have here enjoyed.

Conscious of this, I now present this picture, in behalf of the class of 1910, to the Trustees of Gould's Academy.

MILDRED A. BROWN, 1910.

CASTLES AND CASTLE LIFE.

Europe, during the Middle Ages, was in a state of unrest. Hostile barbarian tribes were roving over the country and every man's house was a fortified stronghold to protect him against these tribes. These strongholds, or castles were often placed upon high summits which afforded a military advantage.

William the Conqueror covered England with castles during the eleventh century; Newcastle overlooked the Tyne, Rochester, Medway, and the White Tower, the Thames, besides scores of others. In the twelfth cen-

tury Stephen built many more. The strongholds of robber barons rose on the banks of the Rhine and most of the countries on the mainland of Europe were dotted with castles.

Let us leave behind the prosaic present with its quiet villages, noisy cities, and rushing crowds and visit one of the castles of the twelfth century. We approach a group of massive buildings with lofty towers overlooking all sides. A high wall surrounds them and around this is a moat, or deep ditch. A drawbridge is lowered and we pass through the heavy arched gateway to the court within the castle walls.

The strongest part of the castle is the stone keep or tower where live the lord and lady, and clustered around this are the smaller wooden buildings of the dependents and garrison. The keep is built around a magnificent interior courtyard with stately staircases, traceried windows, and beautiful columns. On the side toward the donjon is a tower covered with statues, mouldings, and shield-bearing lions; this contains the staircase of honor, lighted by many windows, which leads to the private apartments.

Ascending the staircase, we enter the most important room in the castle—the great hall. This is the theater of all indoor ceremonials. Here liegemen and vassals swear allegiance to their lord, and here royalty is received when the lord of the castle is honored by such a visit.

A more homelike apartment is my lady's chamber, a large well-lighted room which is at once sitting-room, dining-room, boudoir, and bedchamber, and where privacy is neither expected nor desired. There are carved shutters at the windows filled with painted glass which serve as a protection in summer against the sun and in winter against the cold. Beautiful tapestries cover the doorways and

serve to lessen draughts and the chill of the stone walls.

Ranged along the walls of this apartment are the carved dower chests, filled with Holland linen, rich clothing and splendid hangings of silk and gold brocade, which decorate the room on gala days.

On the opposite side of the room is a curious piece of furniture; it is a long, low cabinet panelled with little pictures and exquisite with wrought steel hinges and locks. This is the Baron's treasure house and contains the family papers, the great seal where the knight gallops fully armored, jewel caskets, a little ready money and a few religious treasures. The keys of this cabinet always hang at my lady's girdle and the keeping of them is a great trust.

Here we find the bower maidens, girls of noble birth who have left their homes to attend their feudal superior, busy with their embroidery, but finding time to chat and laugh gayly at each other's witticisms. The lady of the castle is here with her children, who are amusing themselves with a game of chess, while she joins merrily with her maidens in their conversation.

Although on feast days the family go in gay procession to the parish church, there is a beautiful chapel in the castle where every morning mass is said. This is my lady's special care. The daylight streaming through the thin panes of painted glass, and its gold and silver lamps shining before the altar shed a soft radiance over the room and give us a feeling of awe as we enter.

Perhaps we are fortunate enough to be present at one of the great ceremonials of family life—the conferring of knighthood upon the eldest son. The company is assembled in the great hall. The young knight-to-be approaches and takes his place before the family and the older knights. One fastens

on his spurs, another gives him his shield and helmet, and the lord of the castle himself buckles on his sword and belt. The young aspirant kneels and, with a look of pride, the father advances to give the boy the blow with his sword on the nape of the neck from which he rises from his knees a knight.

In the meadow outside the castle walls one further act completes the ceremony. Here the newly-armored knight leaps to his horse without touching the stirrups, puts him through his paces, and rides directly to the quintain. Not to hit it is a great dishonor. Will he strike it? Nearer and nearer he approaches and leans forward with upraised spear. A second the weapon remains poised in the air and then is hurled straight at the quintain. He strikes it and cheer upon cheer arises for the now proven knight.

Not for long periods, however, is life in the castle one of peaceful security. One day the watches on the tower spy what seems to be a company of soldiers approaching and all is excitement. Is it friend or foe? As they draw near it is evident that they come on no friendly mission. No sound is made within the castle but the news is quickly spread. Now they have crossed the moat, forced the postern of the sally-port, a small gate at the level of the moat, and come to a blind alley between the donjon and the second inner wall. Now it is time for the soldiers stationed in the tower one hundred eighty feet above, to act. With one accord they hurl missiles upon the heads of the too confident enemy and those who are not stricken to the earth flee while there is time.

But look! A second division with battering rams have succeeded in making large breaches in the walls. As soon as the men see them they shoot fire arrows, pour boiling oil from the ramparts, and the castle spends its wrath on them from a hundred mouths.

The enemy retreat, but only for a time, and under cover of darkness attempt to mine the castle. Soldiers are posted in the subterranean gallery at the foot of the walls to warn the men above, but the enemy far outnumber the entire garrison. If they succeed here the castle must surrender. How much depends on these few men! Steadily the enemy approaches. With tense nerves the men above listen and wait. At length the sound of the pick is heard and action begins. Stones, missiles, and arrows are hurled from the towers and the enemy is put to rout.

With such an impregnable stronghold, attack is almost useless and the lord of the castle remains lord still.

Such is life in the castle! Insecure, yet happy, dreary, yet pleasant, ready for peace or war, pleasure or pain at any minute. How brave were the knights! And looking back through the mists of the years what a glamour rests upon their lives and upon the castles which sheltered them.

R.

THE OLD VIOLIN MAKER.

One bright autumn afternoon, in the year 1874, I chanced to be in the city of L. on business. I had left home early in the morning, and had finished my business by half past one. My train, however, was not due until nearly four, thus giving me more than two hours to wait. As I walked along one of the principal streets, I stopped before one of the large stores, and tried to think of some pleasant way to pass the time. Looking up and across the street, I saw this simple sign above a dingy staircase,

A. VOGNETZ, Violin Maker.

Something about that sign held my attention. I had always been passion-

ately fond of music, and especially the music of the violin. I saw in that sign a pleasant solution of my problem. I glanced at my watch, and found I had still more than an hour to wait. I went across the street, and climbing the narrow staircase, found this sign on a door at the farther end of the corridor, "Violin Maker." I rapped, but as no one answered, I opened the door, and found myself in what was evidently a workshop. In front of the only window in the room sat a little, old man, his shoulders bent with age, arranging the strings on a newly made violin. He looked up as I entered, but immediately resumed his work, as if unconscious of my presence. His face, though thin and pallid, proclaimed him of German descent, while his shrunken form indicated privation and hardship.

On shelves around the room were packed layers upon layers of carefully seasoned wood for the bodies of the instruments, lying upon a bench at one side of the room, were some tools used in the work, while the floor was covered with shavings and bits of wood, evidently the result of his recently completed instrument.

As I completed my observations, he began tuning the new violin, and, taking a bow from a case, he commenced to play. One piece after another he played, softly at first; operas, classics and tender love ditties, while I stood spellbound, entranced by the rich, clear notes of the violin. The melody at first was full of joy and gladness, telling of prosperity and better days. Finally the theme changed, and I saw the struggle for life and love; then poverty and disgrace. The master was telling his life story through the medium of his loved violin.

He paused for a moment, and when he began again, he was playing that song of all nations, "Home Sweet Home." As he played, I could seem

to see the little, old German farmhouse, with its thatched roof, surmounted by a stork's nest. At the spinning wheel, just outside the door, stood the mother, calm of face and supple of form, though well past the meridian of life; while on a bench nearby sat the father, peacefully smoking his evening pipe, as he watched the setting sun. I could see the boy, playing with his companions, doing such work as his parents required of him, and in his spare moments learning to play his loved violin. I seemed to live over with him those happy, carefree days of childhood.

Suddenly the music stops, and the master remains motionless. Then, rousing himself for a moment, he whispers, "Mutter." His head falls on his breast, and the old violin maker is dead.

G. A., '12.

ALUMNI FIELD.

Since the last issue of the Herald, considerable work has been done on the new athletic field, so that all the ball games of the spring term were played there. The field has also been fully fenced. While the diamond is in fairly good condition, the outfield is still very rough and needs considerable more clearing and grading to put the field in satisfactory condition.

It is hoped the work will not stop here, but that others of the alumni will come to our assistance and help the good work along toward completion. We gratefully acknowledge contribution from the following, since the last Herald was published.

Charles A. Hamlin, '09, Gorham, N. H.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"It's wiser to be good than bad."

Ella Garey.

"Oh would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years."

Charles Small.

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Margaret E. Herrick.

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd and dane'd and talk'd and sung."

Percy Farnham.

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of
Love,
Help to make earth happy like the heaven
above."

Edith Marsden.

"We have such a little way to go,
Can be together such a little while
Along the way,
We will be patient while we may."

G. A. Students.

"Her heart was a deep fount wherein a
spring
Of healing waters blessing everything
That came within their influence, had
birth,
And mirrored all things, beautiful on
earth."

Miss Pratt.

"A blessed companion is a book—
A book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long
friend."

Ralph Abbott.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

Miss Sturtevant.

"Her heart is in her work, and the heart
giveth grace unto every art."

Alice Kimball.

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

Parker Russell.

"Worth, courage, honor, these ideals,
Your substance and birthright are."

George E. Roberts.

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Senior Algebra.

"Alway at his little harmless tricks."

Herman Cummings.

"Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear, and slow to speak."

Effie Bernier.

"A youth, light hearted, and content,
I wander through the world."

Wilfred Foster.

"As pure as the flush in the sea shell's
throat,
As sweet as the wood bird's wooing note."

Ruth Farrington.

"He serves all who dares to be true."

Carroll Valentine.

"Think all you speak,
But speak not all you think,
Thoughts are your own,
Your words are so no more."

Mabel Bean.

"How sweet and great even in common
speech, is the fine sense which men call
courtesy."

Edwin Lawler.

"She reasoned without plodding along,
And never gave her judgment wrong."

Alta Smith.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Philip Wight.

"Accomplishments were native to her
mind,

Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,
And winning grace her every art refined,
Like sunshine, shedding beauty where it
fell."

Miss Randall.

"I think it wisest in a man to do his work
in the world as quietly and as well as he can,
without much heeding the praise or dis-
praise."

Harry Rand.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace."

Mildred Bosserman.

"Alas! Regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;

No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

Freshman Class.

"Let me silent be:
For silence is the speech of love,
The music of the spheres above."

Mildred Eagle.

"A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove,"

Mr. Hanscom.

"You'd have known her by the merriment
that sparkled in her eye."

Mildred Chapman.

"I live as I deem it wisest;
I go at my own pace,
I take my place in the conflict,
And look my fate in the face;
I swear as I deem befits me,
And I do as I have sworn;
I'm American born, God bless you!
True and American born."

Lawrence Philbrook.

"Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for
idle scorning."

Sylvia Swan.

"An open hearted maiden, true and pure."

Blanche Richardson.

"But never a word in my heart remembered,
as I sit with myself at close of day."

Eva Bean.

"Noble by heritage,
Generous and free."

Winfield Wight.

"She speaks three or four languages word
for word, without a book."

Margaret C. Herrick.

"A progeny of learning."

Oscar Judkins.

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words
are faint."

Ida Packard.

"When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone."

Thomas I. Brown.

"And o'er the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him."

Bertha Thurston.

"Great thoughts, great feelings come to
them,
Like instincts, unawares."

Junior Geometry Class.

"Unbounded courage and compassion
joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete."

Irving R. Harriman.

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

Marion Mansfield.

"Backward, flow backward, O tide of the
years,
I am so weary of toil and tears."

John Harrington.

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

Florence Springer.

"He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship ever true."

"Obie."

"Speak gently. 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, that it may bring;
Eternity shall tell."

May Cross.

"A kind and gentle heart he had."

Adelmar Brown.

"Don't make tragedy out of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles,"
"Laugh it off."

Elmon Jordan.

"When once the young heart of a maiden
is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Jennie Simpson.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident tomorrows."

Ivan Arno.

"To know, to love, to esteem, and then to
part,
Make up life's tale to many a weary heart."

Mona Martyn.

"A kind true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow."

Clinton Bennett.

"She was a being formed for happiness,
A buoyant heart was hers and sunny."

Helen Spencer.

"Who sings of wild March weather?
The world may be in tune,
If hearts be right, and love beams bright,
In March as well as June."

Leslie Davis.

"Led by simplicity divine,
She pleased and never tried to shine."

E. Marie Swan.

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares divid-
ing."

Percy Taylor.

"She is of a very melancholy disposition."

Alice Smith.

"My heart is sad and lonely, for my mind is far away."

Urban Bartlett.

"Her life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky."

Lula Cummings.

"Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend."

Leroy Hamlin.

"Her face is like the milky way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

Alta Cummings.

"A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air."

Gladys Russell.

"He was a valiant youth, and his face,
like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and
ripened thought into action."

Carl Brown.

"Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."

Roy Thurston.

"And all men loved him for his modest
grace."

Freeborn Bean.

"No star shines brighter than the kingly
man,
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears."

Mr Knight.

"Her heart is light from morn till night."

Edna Bartlett.

"To him all things were possible; and
what were tasks to others were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday."

Harold Rich.

"And good thoughts, where her foot-steps
pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew."

Hazel Douglass.

"Doing his part, with a sturdy will, of the
earnest work of life."

Albert Clark.

"Her eyes were wells of lustre, sweet and
still."

Alice Swan.

"Gee! this is no place for an angel child."

Francis Mills.

"As straight as a pine, as sweet as a bal-
sam, as sound as a white oak."

Olive Wardwell.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to
persuade, and a hand to execute—any mis-
chief."

Earl Coffin.

"Fair in sooth was the maiden."

Viola Bartlett.

"A merrier man within the limit of be-
coming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk with all."

Ray York.

"Undaunted he stood and dissembled and
treated them smoothly."

Ralph Young.

"Bright was her face with smiles, and
words of welcome and gladness fell from her
beautiful lips."

Lillian Bean.

"The topmost bright bubble on the wave
of the town."

Annie Newcomb.

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and
thoughtful of others."

Gladys Bartlett.

"She wins our hearts."

Ruth Mason.



SCHOOL NOTES.

On Wednesday evening, September 28, Prof. Geo. N. Cross gave a stereopticon lecture on "Washington, the Beautiful Capital of a Great Nation," in the assembly room of Gould's Academy. The pictures which he threw upon the screen were clear and well selected and the story of our Capital City, carrying such a wealth of literary and historical knowledge, made an entertainment fitting indeed for an educational institution. On Wednesday evening, October 12, Prof. Cross gave a lecture on Scotland. Both lectures were instructive, entertaining and inspiring. Prof. Cross is a lecturer of many years' experience and treats his subjects in a manner that commands the keenest interest and attention of his audiences. These lectures were given under the auspices of the Senior Class and were well attended and very much enjoyed.

Mr. A. D. Hall, a former principal of Gould's Academy, gave an illustrated lecture on the "Yellowstone National Park," at the Academy, on Wednesday evening, November 2, for the benefit of the basket ball team. This lecture was well attended, and afforded all a chance to enjoy a remarkable treat, as well as assisting the team in equipping itself for what we hope will prove a successful season.

The following are the officers of the Senior Class:

President,	Parker Russell.
Vice-President,	Ivan Arno.
Treasurer,	Ida Packard.
Secretary,	Alice Smith.
Executive Committee,	
Irving Harriman,	
Mona Martyn,	
Leslie Davis.	

The Senior Class regrets the loss of Miss Ida Littlehale from their number. Miss Littlehale is teaching the primary grades at Upton, Maine.

The following officers from the Sophomore Class have been chosen:

President,	Dana Grant.
Vice-President,	Eva Bean.
Secretary and Treasurer,	Sylvia Swan.
Executive Committee,	
Ernest Bowler,	
Winfield Wight,	
Carrol Valentine.	

Class colors: green and white.

Class meeting held October fifth.

The Sophomore Class is the largest class in school.

Herman Lewis was obliged to leave school on account of whooping cough.

Carrie King and Ruby Perkins, who were obliged to leave school last year, returned this fall and entered the Sophomore Class.

Alta Cummings, who has been sick for a few weeks, has returned to school.

A few nicknames among the Sophomores are:

Samatha,
 Tiny,
 Doc,
 Spider,
 Click,
 Beefus,
 Ikey,
 Bud.

Gould's does not neglect the development of her social side, as we realize, from the successful gatherings she has provided to entertain her sons and daughters.

On Friday evening, September 30, the Seniors gave a social to the Freshmen and no welcome could have been warmer and more cordial. Everyone seemed bent on having and giving a good time. The Gym. was festively arrayed in the "blue and gold" and the generous list of games written on pretty programs, kept merriment high until ten o'clock.

The evening also proved an acceptable means of entertainment for the Gorham base ball team, which played our boys in the afternoon. Refreshments of punch and wafers were served throughout the evening. As the happy crowd, composed of nearly every member of the school, bade goodnight to the patronesses Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Packard and Mrs. Martin, the first social of the year became a pleasant bit of history.

On October thirty-first at eight-thirty o'clock, in answer to this invitation, written on cards:

"There's a time that is called Hal'we'en,
And on that evening I ween
If you'll come to the "Hall,"
In your queerest clothes all,
You then will find out what we mean."

All the members of the Holden Hall family, with their friends, were greeted at the dining room door by three ghostly figures.

The dining room was arrayed in all the weird suggestions appropriate to the occasion. The school colors were draped from the electroliers and red lights shone on tempting apples and doughnuts, suspended tantalizingly

just too high, a huge pumpkin which told the initial of your affinity, a tub with bobbing apples, and Jack-o-lanterns with their ghastly grins.

But the scene was completed, only when the grand march began and the guests in their varied and amusing costumes furnished excitement and merriment. Mr. Foster as a society belle and Miss Russell as a gypsy maid, were awarded prizes for the best costumes.

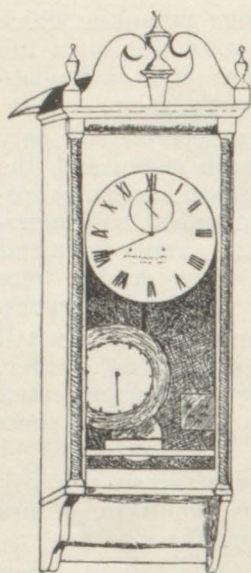
On one side of the room was a witch ensconced in an evergreen shelter, who from a burning caldron, presented applicants with cards bearing their future fates.

In a corner bower of green, a gypsy foretold, to anxious inquirers, affairs of life and love from their palms.

When all the "stunts" had been tried, and everyone had learned his fate, and all the apples, raisins, and peanuts had been devoured, the usual social games were engaged in until ten-thirty, when the gay company said their good-nights.

On Wednesday evening, November nine, the Gym. was again the scene of a Senior social. This time the class of 1911 was "out for money" and an admission fee of ten cents was a low price for the pleasant evening they afforded. The attendance was not so large as at their first social, but the games and refreshments were fully enjoyed by as enthusiastic participants. Home made candy was for sale and it seemed to "go like hot cakes."

These three gatherings have made the pupils and teachers better acquainted with each other, and have tended to help cultivate a feeling of good will and loyalty. We hope they are not the last of their kind.



Under
The
School
Clock

“Oh, you!”

—x x—

“Has anyone here seen Kelley, K-e-l-l-y?”

—x x—

“Now look out, Mr. Arno!”

—x x—

“I don’t care what they call me—call me anything but a lunatic.”

Miss St-u-v-nt.

—x x—

Physical Geography:—“One of the products of volcanoes is limestone, which is very good for scouring, especially the hands.”

—x x—

Sr. French:—“Des briches formes des meubles.” (Trans.)—“Some bon fires of marbles.” (Miss A—.)

—x x—

Ask Mr. H— what he knows about the daughter of Satan (Saturn.)

—x x—

“Pass it along, Mr. Arno. It is immaterial whether you use the subway or the elevated.”

Anyone wishing experienced instruction in the deaf and dumb language, may apply to “Smith and Lawler.”

—x x—

“Mr. H—, “I hope we are not to have a long distance telephone in the schoolroom.

—x x—

Freshman Eng.—“Irving wrote the history of ‘Drict Kickerbarker.’”

—x x—

“Irving was about to marry, but before the wedding day the girl died, and Irving heard the shot badly.”

—x x—

Requested: That Mr. Rand be careful not to lock Miss P— into the Academy again.

Also, someone to travel with Miss R—, so she won’t get carried to Gorham, again.

—x x—

The other senior boys are jealous of Mr. Arno, because he receives so much more attention in classes than they do.

—x x—

Mr. C— to Mr. K—, “Will you please explain penitentiary energy?”

—x x—

“Grizeh was a great builder of Sphinxes.”

—x x—

The Freshman Class is very “systematic.”

—x x—

In Caesar class: “Diviciacus multus eum lacrimis Caesarem complexus.”

Trans: “Diviciacus surrounded Caesar with many tears.”

—x x—

Miss R—, “Please give some cautions against injudicious punishment.

Mr. W—, “Don’t pull the children’s ears.”

—x x—

“When Brom Bones settled disputes he had his hat cocked on one side so that one ear had the wind broken off from it more than the other.”

"Will you have some more beans?"
—Holden Hall.

—x x—

The senior girls say that when they interrupt a recitation, the boys make them feel like the Greeks who were not at the battle of Thermopylae.

—x x—

In Virgil:—"Mr. Foot, what is the matter with that Rand?"

—x x—

Mr. W— didn't understand "aesthetic" and was certain he did not possess that sense. After the teacher had assured him that he had it, Miss B— defined "aesthetic" as "want of beauty."

—x x—

Jr. French:—"Il ne fant pas reveiller-le chat qui dort."

Miss B—, (translating) "It is not necessary to wake the cat that dies."

—x x—

Wanted—A revolving chair for E-r-e C-ff-n in Jr. English.

—x x—

Teacher:—"What detained you Mr. J—?"

Mr. J—: "I got lost."

—x x—

Question: "Who was Cupid?"

Mr. B—: "I know, but I can't seem to express it."

—x x—

Milton uses words that arouse your "suspicions."

—x x—

Mr. H—: "Was it a spinnach that Handel played on?"

—x x—

It has been remarked that Miss P— makes papers blush.

—x x—

"Mr. Conroy, I am talking."

—x x—

Deportation is the practice of scattering people so they can't revolve.

Wanted: A Freshman to square 7 1-2 for the Solid Geometry class.

—x x—

Eng. IV. Miss S—, "Has this class ever had — Quiet!"

—x x—

Sr. French: "Si vous aimez le peuple brevez a sa sante."

Trans: "If you love the people, take a drink." (Mr. R—.)

—x x—

Miss R—: "What do we put on the sidewalk?"

Mr. L—: "Feet."

—x x—

Miss S— went down to definitely locate the station on Friday night, before attempting to take the train, Saturday morning.

—x x—

Question: "What did the Spectre of Sleepy Hollow, lack?"

Mr. L—: "A cannon ball."

—x x—

What does "varitate" mean?

Consult "Mills' Dictionary."

—x x—

"O, perfect day, when we need work no more, but play from morn 'till eve."

Grant and Coffin.

—x x—

Why doesn't "Brutus" like to read his compositions?

He told Miss S— he was scared.

—x x—

Sr. Normal: "Let the children talk as they will but don't let them (R)randall too much."

—x x—

"Mr. Rand, thank you so much for squeaking the grease in that chair."

—x x—

Jr. French: "Ou dit que les chiens qui aboient ne mordent jamais."

Mr. J— (translating) "They say that dogs that bark never die."

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

1903.

Dr. Widd Twaddle and Miss Agnes Brooks were married June 22, 1910, at the bride's home in Upton, Maine and reside in Fryeburg, Me.

Mr. Howard Philbrook has employment at the Woonsocket Electric Machine and Power Co., Rhode Island.

Miss Bessie Stanley is employed by the Maine Phonograph Co., Portland, Maine.

Miss Fannie Swan is a trained nurse of Portland, Maine.

Miss Florence Skillings is employed at the Telephone Exchange, Bethel.

Miss Lucie Morse is Principal of Rumford Falls Grammar School.

1904.

Miss Gladys Wiley and Mr. James McClure of Bangor, were married July 6, 1910 at the bride's home in Oklahoma, and reside in Bangor, Me.

Married in Bethel, July 20, 1910, Miss Helen Bisbee and Mr. Bertram Packard of Camden, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Packard reside in Camden.

Miss Margaret Whidden is at her home in Bethel.

Miss Gwendolyn Stearns is teaching at Locke Mills, Maine.

Mr. Harry Purington is employed in the Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

Miss Edith Hastings is at the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston Mass.

1906.

Miss Grace Kendall is teaching in Manchester, Maine.

Miss Marion P'yer is attending Farmington Normal School.

Miss Neda Richardson is at So. Framingham, Mass., studying to be a nurse.

1907.

The engagement of Miss Erva Bartlett to Mr. George Greene of Shelburne, N. H., is announced.

Miss Bessie Goud is teaching in Shelburne, N. H.

1908.

Miss Mildred Dyer is teaching at Rumford Corner.

Miss Lillian Buck is teaching at Dummer, N. H.

Mr. George King is attending U. of M.

Mr. Thomas DeCoster is teaching at Buckfield, Me.

Miss Mildred Hapgood is teaching at North Bethel.

1909.

Misses Cecil and Pearl Bennett are teaching at Wilson's Mills.

Miss Natalie Barker has employment in a printing office at Snohomish, Washington.

Mr. Ernest Bisbee is clerking in Ceylon Rowe's store, Bethel.

Mr. Arthur Herrick is Principal of Bethel Grammar School.

Mr. Elton Coolidge is employed in Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Susan King is at her home in Bethel.

1910.

Miss Una Roberts is at her home in Hanover, Me.

Mr. Harry Coolidge is with his brother, in Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. Cedric Judkins is at his home in Upton, Me.

Miss Marjorie Cushman is teaching in Greenwood, Me.

Miss Florence Cross is teaching in South Bethel.

Mr. George Smith is at his home in Hanover, Me.

Mr. Robert Thurston is clerk in his father's camps, at Grafton, Me.

Miss Edith Thurston is at the home of her parents in Bethel.

Mr. Wendell Philbrook is at his home in Greene, Maine.

Miss Gladys Twitchell is teaching in Jefferson, N. H.

Miss Agnes Hutchins is at her home in Bethel.

Miss Mildred Browne is teaching at Northwest Bethel.

Mr. Claude Goddard is attending Bowdoin Medical School.

Mr. Sylvanus Browne is teaching at East Bethel.

Miss Methel Packard is teaching in Gilead, Me.

Miss Retta Shaw is attending Bliss Business College, Lewiston, Me.

Miss Minnie Wilson is teaching at West Bethel.

Miss Eva Glines is teaching at West Bethel Flat.

Mr. Arthur Browne is working at Mason, Maine.

Miss Annis Pingree is teaching at Albany, Maine.

NEW HEADS OF GREATER BOSTON SCHOOLS.

The following sketches recently appeared in the Boston Post under above title. Both Mr. Field and Mr. Upton are pleasantly remembered as former pupils and teachers in Gould's Academy, and their friends at old Gould's extend congratulations to them on their rapid and well-deserved promotions.

W. STANWOOD FIELD.

W. Stanwood Field, the new director of the evening and continuation schools, was born at Sumner, Me.

He was graduated at the State Normal School at Farmington, Me.

Taught at Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me., for one year.

Principal of Monatiquot School, Braintree, for two years.

Appointed head of Heath School, Brookline, and remained for 21-2 years.

Submaster of Minot School, Dorchester 1901 to 1906.

Submaster of Lewis School, Roxbury, for three years.

Assigned to study of question of continuation schools.

Organized first day continuation schools in this country, last winter. At

these schools workers are taught the details of the various industries in which they are employed.

Began service in night schools as assistant master of the Lowell Educational Centre. Became assistant master of South Boston Evening High School; principal of Comins Evening school, Roxbury; principal of Charlestown Evening High School.

Resides in Roxbury.

HENRY L. UPTON.

Henry L. Upton, new head of the Willard School, Quincy, was born in Steuben, Me., received his early education in the public schools of Camden, Me., and was graduated from the Eastern State Normal School in Castine in 1900.

In the fall of 1900 became head of the department of natural sciences and mathematics at Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me. Resigned at the end of the year to accept the principalship of the Rockport, Me., grammar school.

After six years in the Rockport school was appointed head of the Apponaug School, Warwick, R. I.

Left Warwick to become head of the Smith Grammar School, Augusta, Me.

Holds a Maine State teacher's life certificate.

Served as president of the grammar school department of the Maine State Teachers' Association in 1909.

Has done special work at the Harvard summer school in school administration and supervision.

Resides in Glendale Road, Quincy.

THE BALLAD OF THE PINE.

For uncounted years I have reigned supreme

'Mid the trees of the forest wide;

Aloft I've waved my colors green

With no care for the wind or tide.

With proud disdain my limbs I've tossed

In the soothing summer breeze;

No trouble to me was the winter's frost

Nor old Boreas' rush 'mongst the trees.

But alas! the axe of the woodman bold
 Has laid bare my brave old heart
 To the jeers and scoffs of the world so cold,
 Who ne'er in my life had part.
 Ah, never again, 'neath my pleasant shade
 Will the children romp with glee,
 Nor the feathered songsters of every glade
 Fill my branches with melody.

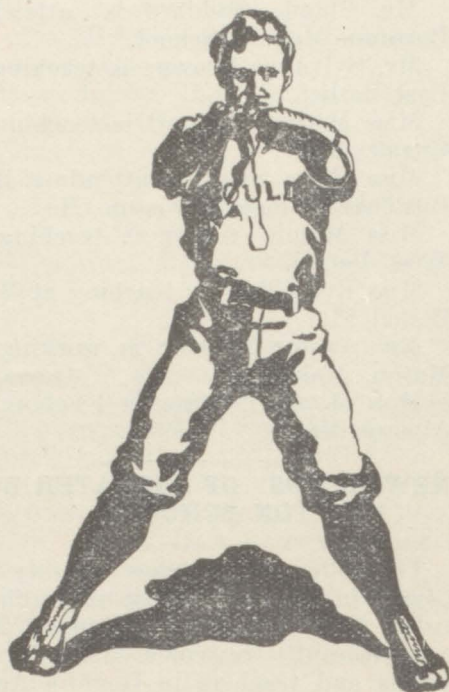
The bright-eyed squirrels will never more
 Chase each other, so glad and wild,
 Around my trunk as they did of yore,
 When the autumn days were mild.
 My colors will trail in the dust so gray,
 While their emerald green grows brown,
 The foe has beaten me in the fray,
 The king of "Pine Woods" is down.

My proud old head ye have brought to earth,
 My heart ye have broken in twain,
 My body ye'll bear from the place of its
 birth,
 As a king, shall I never more reign?
 Hark ye! afar from these hillsides fair
 Have gone many a youth and maid,
 Whose thoughts oft turn to the days so rare,
 When they roamed 'neath pine woods
 shade.

And better women and men are they
 For the days spent with me and mine,
 And the lessons learned in the schoolhouse
 gray
 'Neath the shade of the murmuring pine.
 And weird fancies will come to them
 Of the pine tree's mournful trill—
 Though you banish me from my long time
 realm,
 Yet my kingdom's a kingdom still.

My scepter? The tassel and cone of green,
 With ribbons so deftly bound,
 In the halls of the rich and the great is seen,
 On the cottagers' walls it is found.
 My subjects? Ye'll find them in every land,
 In valley, on mountain and plain;
 With hearts ever true to one emblem grand—
 The pine trees of dear old Maine!

Addie Kendall Mason.



•ATHLETICS•

BASE BALL.

Base ball on our own new athletic field was the thought of the boys in the spring of 1910, but as there was still some necessary work to be done there, the nine and its few followers spent more time in picking stones than in practice. Even after the "pebbles" were removed the ground was still in a very bad condition. It has improved with age, however, and next spring is being anticipated with hopes of better success. The team under George Smith as captain at the first of the season and V. Brown, later did very good work considering the difficulties to which they were obliged to submit.

Following is the schedule of games arranged by Manager Carver, who also covered second base during the first of the season.

As seems to have become the custom, the first game was played with Norway High School at Norway, Apr. 16, 1910, resulting in a score of 4 to 1 in favor of Norway. Our opponents stored away the game in the second inning for during that period Norway obtained three of her four runs.

Following is the line up:

GOULD'S.	NORWAY.
Young, ss.	3b., Haskell.
V. Brown, cf.	ss., Kimball.
Smith, c.	ss., Felch.
T. Brown, 3b.	c., Partridge.
Arno, 1b.	1b., Barker.
Russell, p.	cf., Frost.
Carver, 2b.	lf., Shepard.
Thurston, lf.	rf., Dunham.
A. Brown, rf.	p., Stevens.

BRYANT'S POND 5; GOULD'S 4.

Gould's went down to Bryant's Pond and again brought back the story of defeat, but by a close margin, since the game required eleven innings to decide the winner. The work of Gould's was a great improvement over that showed at Norway.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	BRYANT'S POND.
Young, ss.	ss., Farnham.
V. Brown, cf.,	p., Rowe.
Smith, c.	c., Hathaway.
T. Brown, 3b.	2b., Ford.
Arno, 1b.	cf., Lurvey.
Russell, p.	cf., Jacobs.
Carver, 2b.	3b., Cummings.
Thurston, lf.	rf., Young.
A. Brown, rf.	1b., Blodgett.

BERLIN HIGH 6; GOULD'S 0.

On the seventh of May the Gould's boys went to Berlin and were defeated by the score of 6 to 0. The game opened badly for our nine, for in the first inning Berlin ran four scores, but through no fault of hers. Paulson pitched exceedingly well keeping the hits well scattered.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	BERLIN.
Smith, 2b., c.	3b., Light.
Young, ss.	ss., Smith.
T. Brown, 3b.	1b., Lee.
V. Brown, p.	2b., Donahue.
Arno, 1b.	p., Paulson.
Russell, cf.	c., Bell.
Littlehale, rf., 2b.	cf., Stuart.
A. Brown, c., rf.	rf., Kennardy.
Carver, lf.	lf., Sullivan.

TOWN TEAM 9, GOULD'S 3.

Gould's played the Town Team at home May 11th.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	TOWN TEAM.
Smith, c.	rf., p., Faulkingham.
Young, ss.	rf., Herrick.
T. Brown, 3b.	p., rf., Carter.
Rand, 2b.	3b., Finney.
Arno, 1b.	c., Twaddle.
Russell, p.	cf., Pingree.
S. Brown, cf.	1b., Brann.
A. Brown, cf.	ss., Richardson.
Bennett, rf.	cf., Pushard.

GOULD'S 4; BRYANT'S POND 3.

Another eleven inning game was played with Bryant's Pond as before. The Bryant's Pond boys do not seem satisfied with nineinninggames. Gould's defeated Bryant's Pond at Bethel, May 14 with the score of 4 to 3. The game was well played and interesting.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	BRYANT'S POND.
Smith, c.	ss., Farnham.
Young, ss.	p., Rowe.
T. Brown, 3b.	c., Hathaway.
V. Brown, p., cf.	2b., Ford.
Arno, 1b.	3b., Lurvey.
Russell, cf., p.	1b., Adams.
Farnham, 2b.	cf., Jacobs.
Thurston, rf.	rf., Blodgett.
Carver, lf.	lf., Cummings.

TOWN TEAM 6; GOULD'S 2.

Gould's met the Town Team again on May 17 and was defeated; the score being 6 to 2.

The line up:

GOULD'S.

Smith, c.
Young, ss.
T. Brown, 3b.
V. Brown, p.
Arno, 1b.
Russell, cf.
A. Brown, rf.
Bennett, cf.
Farnham, 2b.

TOWN TEAM.

2b., Littlehale.
lf., Faulkingham.
p., Carter.
1b., c., Twaddle.
3b., Finney.
rf., Pingree.
c., 1b., Morgan.
ss., Tnurston.
cf., Bowler.

GOULD'S 7; GORHAM 3.

Gould's boys met Gorham May 21 and brought home the story of a victory to the tune of 7 to 3.

The line up:

GOULD'S

V. Brown, cf.
T. Brown, 3b.
Arno, 1b.
Smith, c.
Russell, p.
Farnham, 2b.
A. Brown, rf.
Young, ss.
Thurston, lf.,

GORHAM.

c., Barnett.
p., Harriman.
lf., Bishop.
1b., Sullivan.
3b., Crockett.
lf., Hammond.
cf., Brown.
2b., Hamlin.
ss., Newall.

GOULD'S 3; NORWAY 0.

The final game played May 28 with Norway as the opponent was a very fitting close. Gould's played her best game of the season. Timely hitting in the first inning brought in two runs. One more was added in the fourth while the Gould's pitchers with good support held Norway to a shut out.

The line up:

GOULD'S.

V. Brown, p., cf.
T. Brown, 3b.
Arno, 1b.
Smith, c.
Russell, cf., p.
Farnham, 2b.
Bennett, rf.
Young, ss.
A. Brown, lf.

NORWAY.

p., Haskell.
2b., Russell.
3b., Frost.
ss., Kimball.
lf., Dunham.
c., Partridge.
1b., Barker.
rf., Shepard.
cf., Yeaton.

BASKET BALL—BOYS.

The outlook for Basket Ball this year is very promising. With Arno as captain the team is doing good work.

With the proceeds secured from the illustrated lecture by Prof. A. D. Hall a coach is to be obtained for two weeks. Some very interesting games are expected this winter.

Gould's 70, Gorham 10.

The first game of the season was played in G. A. Gymnasium Nov. 11, 1910, with Gorham H. S. as opponents. The score shows that Gorham is not in it with Gould's.

Gould's,

Gorham H. S.

Young, rf.,

rf., Mortenson.

Lawler, lf.,

lf., Harriman, Newall.

Thurston, c.,

c., Hammond, Faney.

Arno, rg.,

rg., McDonald.

Russell, lg.,

lg., Audley, Harriman.

Goals from floor; Young 15, Lawler 2, Thurston 14, Arno 2, Russell 1, MacDonald 2, Mortenson 1. Goals from fouls; Arno 2, Harriman 4, Referee, Hamlin; Umpire, Bowler, Scorer, Davis.

Girls' Basket Ball.

The girls have started in with basket ball unusually early this fall. There are at present fifteen regular players, among them several beginners. Interest is keen and the talk of outside games has a stimulating effect upon the practice. Two games have been arranged with Bridgton at the same time that the Gould's boys play the same school. Arrangements are being made for several other games and the outlook for a prosperous season of basket ball is encouraging.

The girls have organized with Ida Packard captain of the first team. Mae Cross, captain of the second team, and Mildred Chapman manager. Gladys Russell, Carrie King, Marie Swan and Viola Bartlett are playing on the first team.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, 1910.

The commencement exercises of the Class of 1910, Gould's Academy, began Sunday afternoon, June 5, when the students and friends of the school gathered at the Congregational Church to listen to the anniversary sermon by Rev. W. C. Curtis of Bethel. The school met at the Academy, and marched to the church in a body, led by the teachers. The church was tastefully decorated with the class colors, royal purple and white. The sermon was an able and uplifting discourse, and the special music, prepared for the occasion, under the direction of Dr. I. H. Wight, added much to the impressiveness and enjoyment of the occasion.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

On Thursday afternoon the graduation exercises were held in Odeon Hall in the presence of the largest audience ever assembled in Bethel on a similar occasion. Commencement week is the home-coming week in any town where a flourishing academy is located. This is noticeably true in Bethel, and was never more evident than on this occasion. At an early hour the hall began to fill, until every seat was taken and many had been turned away for want of even standing room. The school was marshalled to the seats reserved for them, by Mr. Parker Russell of the class of 1911. The class was the largest in the history of the school. The various parts showed much care in preparation and were well delivered. Below is the program.

PROGRAM.

Music.

Invocation.

Music.

Salutatory,

ROBERT BAKER THURSTON.

Self Culture,

*GLADYS LENORE TWITCHELL.

Class Essay—What Next,

ANNIS HADASSEH PINGREE.

Advantages of Competition,

*CEDRIC ALBERT JUDKINS.

Music.

Address to Undergraduates,

WENDELL OTIS PHILBROOK.

My Favorite Author,

*EDITH ANNETTE THURSTON.

Class History,

METHEL DORA PACKARD.

Fifty Years of Progress,

*ARTHUR HARVEY BROWN.

Class Oration—What We Can,

SYLVANUS HERBERT BROWNE.

My Favorite Hero in History,

*MARJORIE ALICE CUSHMAN.

Presentation of Class Gift,

MILDRED ANGIER BROWNE.

Music.

The Ideal Pupil,

*FLORENCE MARION CROSS.

Class Will,

CLAUDE ALBERT GODDARD.

Every Man the Architect of His Own Fortune,

*GEORGE EDWIN SMITH.

Class Prophecy,

VERONICA RETTA SHAW.

Alfred The Great,

*HARRY CLAYTON COOLIDGE.

Music.

Presentation of Gifts to Class,

EVA MATILDA GLINES.

What Constitutes A True Lady?

*AGNES ADELIA HUTCHINS.

Liquid Air,

*UNA LOIS ROBERTS.

Valedictory Address,

MINNIE IRENE WILSON.

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Singing Class Ode.

Benediction.

*Excused.

CLASS ODE.

(Air: Departure.)

Agnes Adelia Hutchins.

Four years we've met together,
 The old bell's joyous peal,
 In fair or wintry weather,
 Hath called us to reveal
 Gould's hidden stores of knowledge,
 To fit us for that day,
 When we must stray beyond her walls,
 To walk life's broader way.

At last this hour of sadness
 Hath come to one and all,
 Throughout the years of gladness
 We've seen the shadow fall;
 Old Time stood ever by us,
 With scythe and hour-glass too,
 Grim symbols we should never shun,
 But learn their meaning true.

Yet bravely stand we smiling,
 Away the transient gloom,
 Our dearest songs beguiling,
 For brighter thoughts make room;
 Wherever and whenever
 Our future paths shall meet,
 We know these years at dear old Gould's
 Will bring remembrance sweet.

O, Bethel's vales of beauty!
 O, purple mountains fair!
 Whatever be life's duty,
 You've set your standard rare!
 Our hearts with love are swelling,
 We dash away the tears,
 We'll keep thy strength and uplift dear
 Through all the lapsing years.

CONCERT.

In the evening a concert was given by the Vesper Quartette of Lewiston, assisted by Harrie Webber, reader, of Auburn. The hall was well filled, and all enjoyed the various selections. The following was the program:

Quartette—On the Sea, Dudley Buck.
 VESPER QUARTETTE.

Reading—Selected,
 HARRIE WEBBER.

Quartette—Who Comes So Dark, Hicks.
 VESPER QUARTETTE.

Tenor Solo—If With All Your Hearts,
 (Aria from "Elijah") Mendelssohn.
 JAMES DUNN.

Reading—Selected,
 HARRIE WEBBER.

Quartette—Persian Serenade, Sherwis.
 VESPER QUARTETTE.

Reading—Selected,
 HARRIE WEBBER.

Quartette—Good Night, Dudley Buck.
 VESPER QUARTETTE.

THE VESPER QUARTETTE,
 James Dunn, 1st Tenor,
 Alfred T. Hicks, 2nd Tenor,
 Mr. Horace E. Wade, Baritone,
 August Diehl, Basso.
 Miss Elsie Hall, Accompanist.
 Mr. Harrie Webber, Reader and Impersonator.

RECEPTION.

The class reception was held on Friday evening, and as in former years, was largely attended. The class was assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Mrs. E. C. Park, Prof. and Mrs. Hanscom and

Miss Marian Pratt. The young men of the Junior Class acted as ushers. Payne & Plummer's Orchestra furnished music and at 9:30 a march was formed, which was followed by dancing until eleven o'clock. The good byes were then said, and the most successful Commencement week in the history of Gould's Academy had passed into history.

OBITUARY.

CAPT. R. B. GROVER.

Capt. R. B. Grover, a native of Bethel, and for the past ten years a trustee of Gould's Academy, died at his home in Brockton, Mass., Sept. 13, 1910, at the age of 69 years. Capt. Grover was one of Gould's most respected and most loyal sons, and for several years was a generous contributor to the support of the institution.

The following is taken from the Brockton Enterprise of Sept. 14:

All Brockton mourned to learn of the death of Capt. Grover, for his friends were legion, and condolences and messages of sympathy poured in this morning. From friends in various parts of the country came these messages, as well as from those nearer. Various organizations of which he was a member, made arrangements to evince suitable respect for his useful life.

Capt. Grover was born in Bethel, Oxford County, Me., July 24, 1841, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Grover. He was educated at Gould's Academy in that town. After leaving school he learned the tanner's trade in Portland, Me., at the tannery of the

late Neal Dow, the well-known temperance advocate, and worked in the tannery until the war broke out. In October, 1861, he enlisted at Augusta, Me., as a private in Company H, 13th Regiment, Maine Volunteer Infantry. During the war he was promoted to sergeant, second lieutenant and first lieutenant and received his commission as a captain on Jan. 11, 1865, and transferred to the 30th Maine Regiment. He was discharged in September, 1866, at Portland.

He participated in the engagements at Forts Jackson and St. Phillips, New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Port Hudson. He was in the battle at Sabin Cross Roads on April 8, 1864, where the loss of the regiment was severe, and in the battle on Pleasant Hill the following morning.

He shared in other engagements, raids and skirmishes and in October, 1863, the regiment was joined with the forces under Gen. Dana, then fitting out an expedition to Texas. They embarked upon this expedition Nov. 2, disembarking at Brazos, Santiago, Texas, and occupying Brownsville, Nov. 7. He participated in the capture of the rebel garrison on Mustang Island, Texas, Nov. 17, and in the capture of Fort Esperanza on Nov. 29. On February 18, 1864, the regiment was joined with the forces of Gen. Franklin in eastern Louisiana and also took an active part in the Red River campaign under Gen. Banks. The regiment reached Morganza, La., May 23, 1864, having marched during the campaign nearly 1000 miles. On July 2, 1864, the regiment embarked on transports for Washington, D. C., arriving there July 13 to take part in the repulse of "Early's

Raiders" and marched up the Shenandoah Valley, joining the union forces at Monocacy Junction.

Twice during his life Capt. Grover visited European countries. One of these trips was about 13 years ago, with W. L. Terhune, the Boston publisher. Their journey is perpetuated in a delightful volume, "My Friend the Captain" by Mr. Terhune, and which has been read extensively here. The book gives an insight of Capt. Grover's companionable disposition and shows what a good comrade he was.

Capt. and Mrs. Grover also traveled to some extent in this country, making one trip to California years ago.

The broad humanity of Capt. Grover was perhaps best evinced during the memorable disaster of '05. He was ill at the time. The news was kept from him for 24 hours because of his condition. Then Rev. Dr. Rush R. Shippen was commissioned to communicate it to him as gently as possible, which he did.

"May God deal gently with the widows and orphans," he said, with tears in his eyes. He asked about men whom he knew who were in his employ. He never mentioned his own great financial loss and seemed to think nothing of this feature.

In the death of Capt. Grover the city loses one of its foremost and most esteemed citizens, one who had long been identified actively with its welfare and growth, who gave much of his time to public affairs and who was ever ready to assist in a charitable cause.



EXCHANGES.

We regret to say that the exchanges for the present are few in number. Although our exchange table is too bare for us to pass by without a mild expostulation, yet our courage is good, thinking that perhaps next term will deal more kindly with us. The following have been received this term:

- "The Maine Campus," U. of M.
- "The Colby Echo," Colby College.
- "The Clavis," Jay High School.
- "The Oracle," E. L. H. School.
- "The Stranger," Bridgton Academy.
- "The Bates Student," Bates College.

The ever faithful "Maine Campus," "Colby Echo," and "Bates Student," are very welcome. These college papers rarely fail to reach us duly, for which we are grateful.

"The Oracle," "Stranger," and "Clavis" are equally interesting. The Class parts contained in them are especially enjoyable.

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly gentleman arose to give her his seat.—"Thank you very much, sir," she said, "but I've been skating all the afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down."

Ex.

Fond Parent—"Sonny, go fill the wood box."

Educated Boy—"Do I understand that you wish me to transport, from yonder recumbent collection of combustible material, over to the threshold of this edifice, the curtailed excrescence of a defunct tree?"

Fond Parent (bewildered)—"Yes, I guess so. Anyway git out!"

Ex.

"You're the light of my heart, said Irene,
As she softly kissed him good night,
Then said Mrs. P— from the top of stairs,
"Irene, put out the light."

Ex.

Irritable Proprietor of dry goods store—"Why did you let that lady leave the store without selling her something?"

Clerk—"She wanted a parasol that would cover her hat."

Ex.

For good-looking girls only.

„isnuq pəmənoo nox 'yo,,

Ex.

In the Airship.

"Conductor?"

"Yes, madam."

"Let me off at that pretty cloud."

Ex.

Mrs. Y—"This is the first bread I ever made, darling."

Mr. Y—"Well, dear, you ought to build up an excellent reputation as a housekeeper on it."

Mrs. Y—"Why?"

Mr. Y—"Because you have started with an almost indestructible foundation."

Ex.

Professor (to young lady student)—"Your mark is very low and you have just passed."

Young Lady—"Oh, I'm so glad."

Prof. (surprised)—"Why?"

Young Lady—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

Ex.

"Turn failure into courage,

Don't let your courage fade,

And if you get a lemon,

Just make the lemon-aid."

Ex.

(Student to teacher)—"Will you please tell me why my examination paper is marked zero."

(Teacher)—"Because we have no character to express anything lower than that."

Ex.

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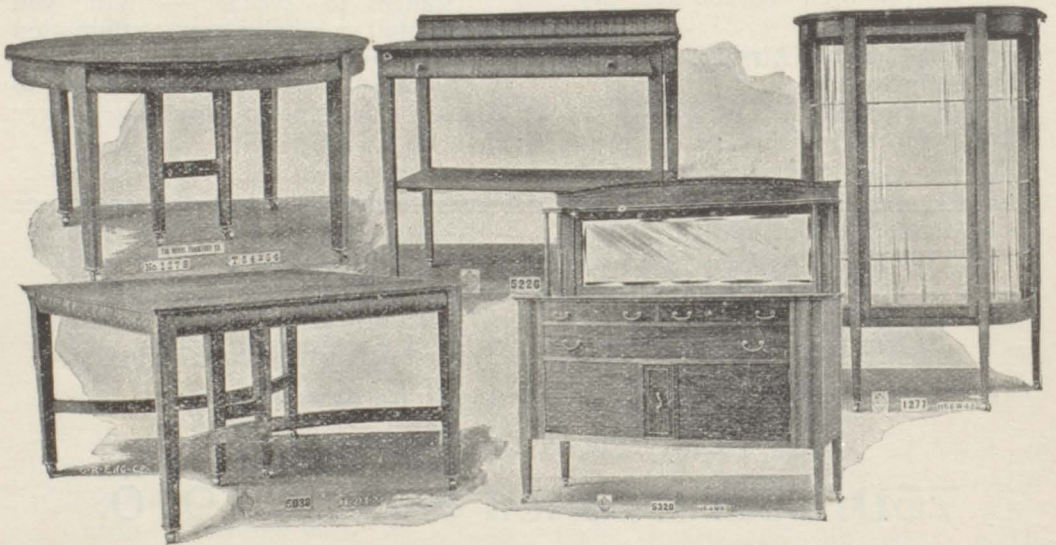
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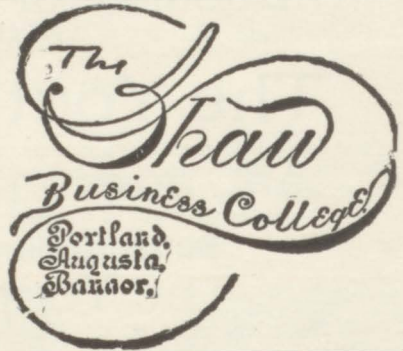
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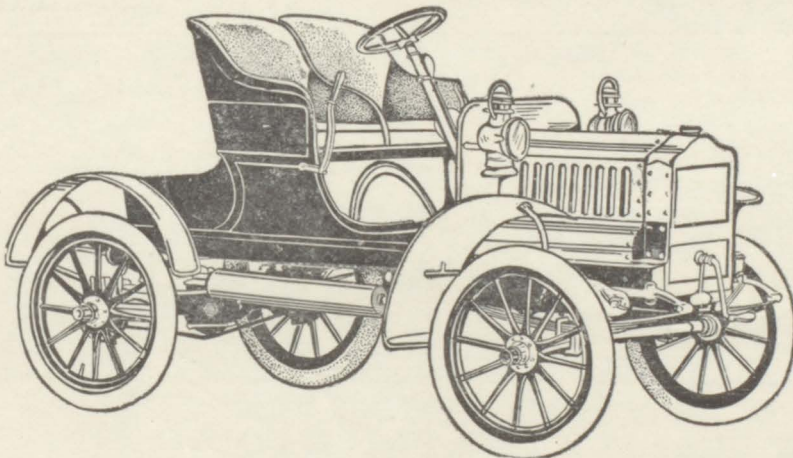
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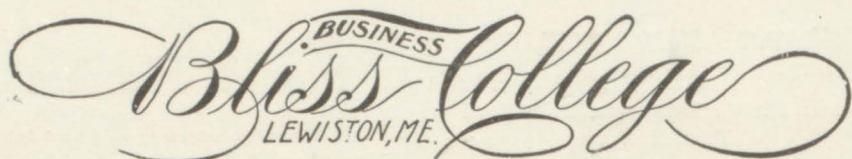
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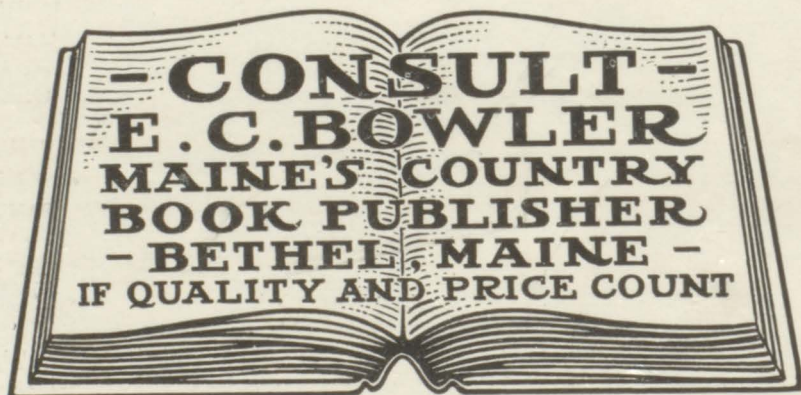
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